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Other Sheep

Church of the Nazarene

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### The Other Sheep Volume 39 Number 09

Remiss Rehfeldt (Editor)  
*Church of the Nazarene*

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# The Other Sheep



SEPTEMBER 1952





## *"Bestir Thyself"*

*By Lorraine O. Schultz\**

"And let it be, when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself" (II Samuel 5:24).

**S**OME YEARS AGO during a mission council meeting in Africa God burdened the hearts of the missionaries to pray for a revival for Africa, one that would touch every part of our work—the churches, the schools, the outstations, and the dispensaries. Hearts had been challenged with this burden by the report, at that time, of some 99,000,000 heathen in Africa, some 44,000,000 Moslems, and only 3,000,000 Christians. The missionaries and national workers were stirred to pray and fast and that burden has continued through the years. But through the last quadrennium there has been a "sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees."

Late in 1948, God gave the main station at Acornhoek, Eastern Transvaal, a shaking revival. Altars were lined, classes were turned into prayer meetings, hidden sins were confessed, and many young people found a definite, clear experience. Those of us who were in that revival will never forget what it meant to that mission station, and for our people of the Eastern Transvaal.

Last year Nazarenes prayed day in and day out for a revival during the special prayer schedules on each district. As we toured various districts in the homeland reports came to us of the great blessing received in different places, following these times of prayer. Already this year there has been the special great day of prayer with Nazarenes around the world praying that God would give us a heaven-sent revival. Recently we have read of the great revival at Endingeni mission station in Swaziland and then of the burden that came on the hearts of the Bible school students at Stegi, Swaziland, for a God-sent revival. And now we have reports of revival fires in Portuguese East Africa, where hearts were seized with conviction and many heathen rushed to the altars to pray. Articles of witchcraft and heathenism were given up and demon possessions burned. All three of our districts in Africa have heard the "sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees" during the last quadrennium. Surely God, the God of Elijah, will give us the cry of our hearts for a heaven-sent, Holy Ghost revival that will reach to the furthestmost corner of our work and into new fields.

Other recent reports tell of a revival tide rising in Guatemala, and a great revival of holiness in Adelaide, Australia. Can we deny we have heard the sound? God says, "Bestir thyself," or as Collins' Dictionary states, "Rouse to lively action."

Let us pray much. The time is here. Dozens of definite prayer requests have been brought before us; we are challenged with goals for the new quadrennium; a host of new recruits are going to our mission fields around the world! This is our time to "rouse to lively action," with much prayer, and during this new quadrennium to see hundreds saved and sanctified in our twenty-four foreign mission districts and in the homeland. If we bestir ourselves and rouse to lively action, God can and will go out before us until revival fires will fall on our people in North America, South America, Central America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and the islands of the sea!

\*Studying language in Portugal

# The OTHER Sheep

*And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring (John 10:16).*

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE  
REMISSE REHFELDT, D.D., EDITOR; C. WARREN JONES, D.D., CONTRIBUTING EDITOR; MIRIAM PARK, OFFICE EDITOR

Volume 39

September, 1952

Number 9

## A Missionary's Reward



**I**NVESTING one's life in Kingdom work requires constant faith and courage, but is accompanied by tremendous returns.

The indwelling grace of God and His enabling power in the life of self-surrender and service, the advancement of His kingdom among men in whose lives sin and darkness has reigned unchallenged, the wonders that are wrought in the land to which God has called, these and a thousand more indications of His presence thrill the soul and encourage the heart.

The pathway to such heights of achievement is not an easy one. Reading some time ago of Hezekiah's experience, I discovered that constant vigilance is required of God's servants. In all his works God prospered Hezekiah. Such wonders had been wrought in the land that the princes of Babylon sent representatives to inquire. But the glory seemed to fade in the "business of the ambassadors" (II Chron. 32:31). There was no time to glory. At that moment God withdrew himself "to try him, that he might know all that was in his heart." With his prosperity, Hezekiah humbled himself before God. The record indicates that his many acts of goodness finally brought him to rest. They buried him in the chiefest sepulchers of the sons of David and all Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem did him honor at his death.

The prayer of C. H. Spurgeon is the cry of God's workmen: "Lord, keep us everywhere. Keep us when in the valley, that we murmur not against Thy humbling hand; keep us when on the mountain, that we wax not giddy through being lifted up; . . . Keep us living, keep us dying, keep us laboring, keep us suffering, keep us fighting, keep us resting, keep us everywhere, for everywhere we need Thee, O our God!"

Four active missionaries and eight retired missionaries, having labored for many years for God and missions, have been rewarded during the past quadrennium. Their home-going viewed in the light of the tremendous investments they have made must have been glorious indeed. Rev. Paul Schmelzenbach (Africa), Rev. J. P. Ainsworth (S.W. Mexican District), Mrs. Theressa Swarth (North American Indian District), and Mrs. W. A. Eckel (Japan) fell in the line of battle. Retired missionaries, Miss Jessie Basford, Mrs. R. G. Coddington, Rev. E. Y. Davis, Mrs. Bertie Karns Ferguson, Mrs. Minnie Staples Frazier, Mrs. Minerva Marshall, Rev. Carlos H. Miller, and Rev. David H. Walworth, were carried across the line of worlds to a fairer land than they have ever beheld.

The wonders wrought in foreign lands, the many acts of kindness performed, the thousands of lives transformed, the hundreds of missions organized, the spiritual darkness dispelled by the radiant light of the gospel, and God's kingdom advanced among men constitute their reward.

Personal praise they did not seek. The glory was not dimmed by selfishness. The "business of the ambassadors" did not turn their hearts from honoring God. True to their Master and their mission, they now rest in His presence. God's people honor them! The church will ever revere these valiant soldiers of the Cross. Redeemed souls from many lands will stand "before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands," crying, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb," because these servants of God, missionaries of the church, and selfless souls invested their lives in the Kingdom. Their reward is great.

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"I have never yet repented any sacrifice I have made for Him."—William Carey.





**Mrs. Theresa Strikwerda Swarth**

*North American Indian District*

Theresa Swarth was born on February 13, 1888, in the city of Franeker in the Netherlands. At the age of twenty she came with her parents to the U.S.A. and settled with them at Grand Rapids, Michigan. In 1911 she was united in marriage to Rev. D. Swarth with whom she served in the ministry of the Church of the Nazarene for almost thirty-five years. She was district president of the W.F.M.S. for nearly sixteen years in Western Canada, in Arizona, and for eight years of the district W.F.M.S. of the North American Indian District. She departed from this life quietly to be with her Lord on Sunday, June 1, 1952, at 4:00 p.m. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband, Rev. D. Swarth, her only child, Mrs. Edith Lokey, and her son-in-law, H. S. Lokey of Chicago, Illinois, her eighty-eight-year-old mother, Mrs. D. Strikwerda of Perrydale, Oregon, and two sisters and three brothers, all residing in Oregon. Besides these a great host of friends made during the years in the ministry and great numbers of her precious North American Indians from all over America with their missionaries are sorrowing but looking forward to the day when God's people shall be gathered on the shores of eternity to be united forever. A saint has gone home. A faithful worker has laid down the cross to receive the crown of victory.

She gave her strength and life itself for the cause of Jesus Christ. "Others" were her only interest in life. Beautiful was the harvest of souls won for Christ.



**Mrs. Florence Talbott Eckel**

*Japan*

Florence Marguerite Talbott Eckel, for over twenty years a missionary to Japan, died in the land of her calling on June 27, 1952.

She was born on November 30, 1890, at Kiowa, Kansas, of Christian parents who early dedicated her to God. In childhood her favorite song was "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go," and this early willingness to obey God reflected itself in her acceptance of the Macedonian call for her life. At the early age of seven she was saved and six years later, sanctified.

She graduated from Kingswood College and Kingswood School of Music, in Kingswood, Kentucky. On July 24, 1913, in Kingswood, she married William Andrew Eckel, and they went to work among the Japanese in California. On February 5, 1916, they sailed with Rev. Nobumi Isayama for the Flowery Kingdom, returning for furlough in 1921. Mrs. Eckel was ordained an elder in the Church of the Nazarene in 1922 and held her membership on the Rocky Mountain District.

From 1924 to 1934, 1936 to 1939, and 1950 to 1952 she labored in Japan as a missionary, evangelizing, teaching, and assisting her husband.

Mrs. Eckel is survived in her immediate family by her husband and four children, William Dohn, Azalea Marguerite, Baldwin Talbott, and Eugene Talbott, and her mother, Mrs. B. J. Talbott, of Pasadena, California.

# Haiti, Land of Contrasts

By C. Warren Jones, D.D.

ON OUR recent visit to the republic of Haiti, we were impressed with the many contrasts to be seen on every side. Most of these we observed as we mingled with the people. The country lies east of Cuba. On this island are two countries, Haiti, with ten thousand square miles of territory and a population of four millions, and the Dominican Republic, with thirty thousand square miles and a population of one and one-third millions. In Haiti one finds the lowlands along the coast but most of the country is mountainous.

The people are either rich or poor. There are very few of the middle class. However, this latter group is showing an increase. A very large majority of the people are of the peasant class and they are very poor. There are the educated and the unlearned. Education is for the few. The great majority of the boys and girls never attend school. We went to a fishing village and preached to forty people. Besides the missionaries only two persons could read. When preaching to such people one must make adjustments and adapt himself to the conditions. This is a deplorable condition, yet these people have souls that will soon be in eternity.

We found a few living in palaces but the majority live in hovels and shacks. The rich wear the finest clothes from New York but the majority must be satisfied with the poorest cloth and rags. On the one hand is cleanliness but over against that is filth and uncleanness. With the minority one finds health, but the great majority suffer from malnutrition and disease. Malaria, tropical dysentery and tuberculosis prey upon the majority. In Haiti you find white people and black and all the shades between the two extremes.

The gospel has been carried to Haiti. Christianity has been firmly planted. And yet, paganism grips the masses and that within two or three hours of our own shores. Here one can find the worst forms of African idolatry and witchcraft thriving among this people.

Sin in all of its forms can be found in this little country. From a human viewpoint it looks as though it had just about cursed the people and driven them beyond the borders of hope. But over against all of that sin is holiness and the gospel of Jesus Christ and the power of God Almighty to transform lives. Therein is the hope of this people. Haiti is a part of the world and as such is included in the Great Commission.

We must not forget our missionaries, Rev. and

Mrs. Paul Orjala. You will not find a more faithful, devoted, and courageous young couple anywhere. Rev. Orjala is a graduate of our Seminary. Let us be sure to hold the ropes and make it possible for them to win the battle for God and souls in this dark corner of the earth.

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## Childhood Conversions

Among the famous Christians of history who were saved as children, Jonathan Edwards was seven. Isaac Watts was nine. Matthew Henry was eleven. George Fox was eleven. P. P. Bliss was twelve. William Penn was twelve. General William Booth was thirteen.

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## Front Cover

THE INDIAN WOMEN pictured on the front cover are preparing wool yarn to be made into Indian carpets at Agra. Contrast with this picture the beautiful Taj Mahal, the ancient mosque which is located in the same city. Poverty and riches, the two extremes commonly seen in India, go hand in hand in Agra.

These women, probably illiterate, since 85 per cent of the people of India are illiterate, know little more than a life of toil and sorrow. Laboring long hours, living lives of humble servitude to those of a higher station in life, and paying obedience to age-old customs that have been born from superstition and error, they live in bondage, fear, and hopelessness. It is to them and to countless others like them that our missionaries preach,

*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

*Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.*

*For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light (Matt. 11:28-30).*

Photo Credit: Evans from Three Lions, New York

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### *A Tribute*

On a Baptist meetinghouse in Malden, Massachusetts, is the following tribute to the missionary pioneer to Burma:

In Memoriam  
Rev. Adoniram Judson.  
Born Aug. 9, 1788.  
Died April 12, 1850.  
Malden, His Birthplace.  
The Ocean, His Sepulchre.  
Converted Burmans, and  
The Burman Bible.  
His Monument.  
His Record Is on High.

### *Revised Russian Bible Needed*

Today, the vast majority of Russian Christians are sealed off from all vital communion with the outside world, and we are left to surmise about their welfare. There are, however, some two million Russians in exile and it is not surprising that in widely distant parts of the scattered community there should have sprung up today a deep sense of need for a revision of the New Testament. The earliest portions of Scripture used by the Russian Church are in the Slavonic language and go back to the days of Cyril and Methodius, whose tenth-century language has very largely dominated the life and worship of the Russian Church. Outside the clerical circles of the church, Slavonic has long since been a dead language and today it is not understood even by some of the priests. It is not simply the archaic language of the old text, however, which makes a new version imperative; rather it is the fact that the language of Scripture is no longer the language of the people, with the result that the rift between the modern generation and the life of the church grows even wider.

—W. J. BRADNOCK in *The Bible in the World*

### *Early Korean Missions*

The first Korean Christian to be baptized came to the Faith through assisting a missionary in Moukden in the translation of the Korean New Testament. He taught the missionary the Korean language and, after the first manuscript of the Gospel of St. Mark was ready and they were making the wood blocks for the printing, this man learned of the inner things of the Faith through asking questions of the Chinese printers who printed the first Gospel of St. Mark. He became the first colporteur to sell Korean Gospels. Dr. Ross (the translator) sent him down to the borders of Korea and Manchuria to distribute these first tentative editions and he stayed there among the people in the borderlands for six months. He came back and told him of the wonderful impression the books had made on the Korean settlers, and asked Dr. Ross to go back with him to baptize some of them in the Faith. So, about a year later, Dr. Ross went and baptized those Korean farmers, the first Christians of their race.

Korea at that time was known as the Hermit Kingdom. The Emperor had made a decree that no foreign teachers, and no Koreans who had gone into foreign lands, should be allowed to enter his kingdom on penalty of death. Nevertheless, Mr. Sau, the colporteur, did venture into Korea, and a few years later when the Emperor's edict was lifted, and Dr. Underwood entered Seoul, his first task was to baptize those who had become Christians through reading the Gospels which Mr. Sau had taken in.

—J. C. F. ROBERTSON in *The Bible in the World*

"The other day I saw the pathway stopped up by sick and wounded people, perishing with hunger in a populous neighbourhood, but none showing mercy—as though they were only *dying weeds, not dying men*. What a luxury it is to see helpless creatures come to your door: despair half fills their countenances, and their bodies seem half dead! But relieve them, and oh, behold their dead bodies spring into motion; down to the earth they fall in a moment overjoyed with your gift: again they look up at you with tears of joy, and then into their hands again for fear it should be all a dream. I say, this is luxury!"

—THOMAS CAREY

Investment in religion never impoverishes anyone.—  
Warren H. Denison in *Stewardship Facts*.

IGNORANCE

SUPERSTITION

IDOLATRY

# MISSIONARY HIGH LIGHTS

WITCHCRAFT

PAGANISM

DEMONISM



## *Introductions, Please!*

By Earl G. Lee\*

India

**I**F I REMEMBER correctly, March 15 is rather important to you at home—Income Tax! This was also a very important date with us here in India, the day of the Bible school graduation. There are four more young couples ready to be assigned work by the India District Assembly which will meet in a few days. You at home have had a big part in making this day what it was, for you have not forgotten the General Budget. As these students received their diplomas and gripped my hand, I could sense a very real determination to serve God and the church in this their country.

Let me introduce the young men to you. First there is Sumant Maske, who four years ago was in the army, away from God. But God would not let him go, and after the term in the army, he got back to Jesus. He answered the call to preach and has been a source of great encouragement to me as I have seen his growth in grace. He and his wife Vimal, the daughter of Brother Bhujbal, leave in the fullness of the blessing with their two lovely children.

Then there are Sumant Gaikwad and his wife Padmini, with their two little girls. Sumant also was in the army, and when released obtained a good-paying government job. But when the call to preach was too great, he asked for a release and came to Bible school, where he has been a pillar among the students. He comes from a family in which there are already two preachers, Sumant making the third.

Now please meet Brahmanand Falniker, his wife Mabel, and their two little girls. This couple wants to go to the virgin, hard-scrabble section we call the Mogalai. Brahmanand was an instructor in the army when the Lord saved his life on the railroad tracks of Bombay one day, and in this experience he heard God's voice call-

ing him to service. His first name reveals that he comes from a Brahman background.

The last couple is William and Abigale Zonderle and their three girls. William was in the army serving in the Air Force, and worked in Burma. He saw action in the now famous "Hump Air Lift." God got hold of him, brought him to himself, and he answered God's call. In Bible school he has been a solid, reliable Christian. In the army they were making about \$25.00 a month. As they leave Bible school and go on in active work they will be able to plan on about \$10.00 per month. Could you doubt their call? Please put their names on your prayer list, for they request your prayers and need them.

I wish you could have been in the Basim church for the baccalaureate service. The presence of the Lord was very manifest, climaxed by the class's singing "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah." Then on Thursday night we had Class Night with each graduating young man speaking on a designated subject. They chose "Our Work," "Our Opportunity," "Our Message," and "Our Hope" as their subjects. The debt they have to live, teach, and preach holiness was central in their messages, with emphasis placed on the challenge of Dr. Bresee to the Church of the Nazarene.

That night our hearts were thrilled as we heard the wives of two of our undergraduates read the Bible in public for the first time. Both of these women had been illiterate, but during this year had learned to read and write, and by reading a good portion of scripture before a full chapel received a reward of a complete Bible. Three women received awards for keeping the neatest homes during the year. Mrs. Lee, who checked on them often, gave to each of these women a mark of 95% for cleanliness. Then two young men who had been on time for every class and service in the school and Basim church for the year, including the 6:00 a.m. prayer meeting, re-

\* On furlough



ceived rewards they really earned. At the close of the service candles were lit by the graduates as they pledged themselves to God and the Church of the Nazarene to be lights in the darkness around them.

The climax came on March 15, Saturday afternoon, when the graduation exercises in the Dittmore Memorial Chapel were held. Rev. Samuel Bhujbal presented to these young men a most challenging message; in fact I have seldom heard a better message for such an occasion. Thus with four years of Bible school work finished, these four couples go out into a new world. They will be living in dirty villages, on small salaries, with nothing but need all around them. They must have your prayers. We are not afraid that you will fail them financially, but we must urge you to pray for them faithfully. They are workers with God just as much as we!

\*On furlough

## "Villa Emergencia"

By Thomas A. Ainscough

Argentina



**B**UILT on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, Argentina, *Villa Emergencia* or the Emergency District is a new district of very humble aspect. Most if not all of the houses are composed of two rooms and a small kitchen, one story high and built in long rows, not unlike the army huts I saw

during the last world war in England. In those long rows there are about twelve to twenty residences. The main artery road separates the district into two divisions, the long rows of houses branching off from either side of the road. In that sense it makes one imagine a special camp, were it not that the wall around is low and there is free and ample access through a large gateway. About halfway up this main road there is a store that seems to sell everything. Beside this store we attended the first street meeting in that strange district.

The initiator of this new work among these needy people was Mrs. Costa, who has twenty-nine years of service to her credit as a Nazarene

preacher to her own people. Some ten years ago, while doing personal work in a town called Ituzaingo, where now we have a church, she met a blind lady. Last year Mrs. Costa met the blind lady again on the subway train here in the capital city. When she found out that the lady lived in the *Villa Emergencia*, she decided to visit her.

As a result of the visit to the district, several contacts were made and street meetings began. Door-to-door visitation created new interest in the gospel, and finally a lady opened her home for services. Sister Costa continued the services weekly, the Donato Alvarez and Behring N.Y.P.S.'s co-operating in the work. Since then several souls have sought the Lord as their Saviour and are giving bright testimonies.

One of the ladies recently saved was visited by the Roman Catholic priest who was engaged on "blessing" every home on this government estate. Our good sister, not fearing the wrath of the priest nor the consequences of his threats, boldly told him that Jesus had already blessed her home, giving her the joy of salvation. She also pleaded with the priest to be reconciled to God and be really blessed himself.

Another faithful soul was warned about allowing these foreigners to hold *reuniones protestantes* (protestant meetings) in her home, as it might cost her her home. However, she continues to serve her Lord faithfully. In order to save this good woman from any future difficulty, we have been able to secure a place of worship outside the camp. God is blessing and we believe there is a great future for that district.

The prospects of a large Sunday school are bright. The houses mentioned have been rented to families who have come from the interior of the country and have found work in Buenos Aires. The families that we met are composed of the parents and eight to ten children. Preference has been given to large families. The probability is that these families will stay in Emergency District as the rents are extremely low and the facilities to transport to the city are good.

Although it is impossible to rent a hall or buy a lot in the camp itself, as all is government property, yet there are plenty of opportunities outside. At present we are holding the services in a home of a believer outside of the camp, and the people from the camp come to the services regularly. Some of the new believers attend our churches in the city, having to take two omnibuses to make the trip and two omnibuses to return.

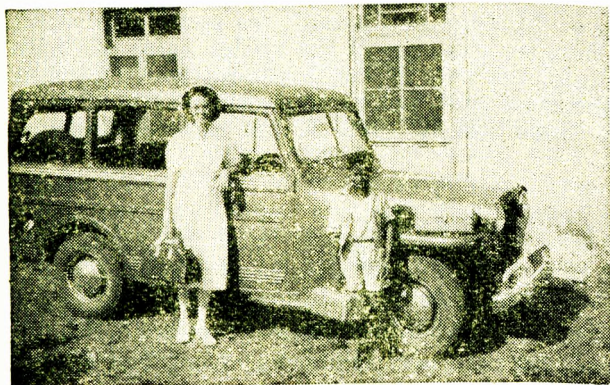
We value your prayers for this needy district. Pray that God will soon give us a Church of the Nazarene in that district. He is able.

"I trust I rest nowhere but in the soul's centre, God."  
—William Carey.

# Nuno Knows God

By Lydia Wilke, R.N.

Cape Verde Islands



Miss Wilke and Nuno, the boy described in the article, standing before the Nelson memorial car. Notice how small Nuno is for a fourteen-year-old boy. Miss Wilke says this stunted growth is caused by lack of food.

IT WAS a usual day for the missionary nurse. The *quintal* (back yard) was filled with the sick. Suddenly a young man entered almost carrying a pasty-looking boy with death written on his face. The boy fell in a heap on the doorstep unable to speak. A heart stimulant was quickly administered as well as the miracle malaria drug, aralen.

The young man informed us that fourteen-year-old Nuno is from another island. His blind mother died when the boy was ten years old and his father deserted the family. He worked on the little sailboats since he was a wee lad, "to keep from starving."

He had been ill with malaria for fifteen days. For eight days torrential rains had dripped through the roof, soaking his fever-ridden body. He was without proper food and blankets. They sold his one beloved sketching pencil to buy sugar for his tea. He could not eat the only food to be had—dried beans and corn.

It was clear that he could not travel by mule-back the eight miles he had come. A straw tick put on boxes in the storeroom had to serve for him as a bed.

For three days and nights there wasn't much sleep for the nurse. His fever of 105° and pulse were much improved next day but he was on the verge of pneumonia and had an earache. But God was merciful. In a week's time he was able to go back by car. One week later he was at the road waiting for the car going to Ribeira de Barca. He wanted to go along and attend church there.

After about sixty patients were treated there, Pastor Luciano Barros began playing his piano accordion and the people filled the little chapel that overlooks the sea. Nuno hardly took his eyes off the preacher. There are so few pews that the children must leave after "Sunday school" (held on Tuesdays), but Nuno stayed for the preaching service.

At the close of the service he picked up the medical kit and said, "Dona Lydia, I'd like to go back with you for a few days. I want to get converted. I don't understand enough yet but next week I will." Of course he went back—and no one mentions anything about his leaving even after four months!

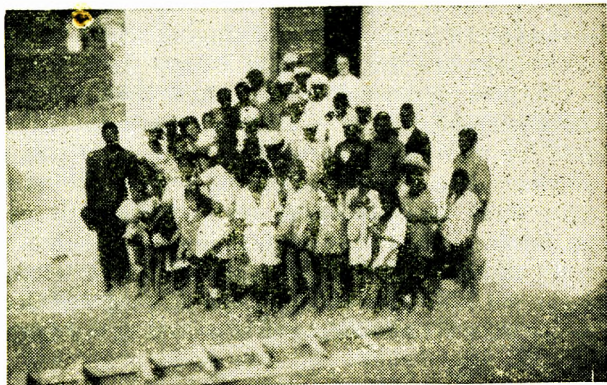
The following Sunday he was one of the four that were converted. His face literally shines. He is putting on weight and is so full of life and joy that at times he can hardly contain himself.

He began helping at once. "I want to learn all I can about everything," he said. After seeing the dressings only once he asked to assist treating the ulcers. Now he does them all by himself. He never complains, no matter how far advanced they are.

For Christmas he received a primer and a box of crayons and a ball. He fairly danced for joy. It was his first Christmas! He asked to take part in the Christmas program.

When he received a pencil for Sunday-school perfect attendance his joy was full! In his spare moments he pores over his primer and is learning to read and write by the help of the pastor's son.

Do medical missions pay?



Clinic, Ribeira de Barca, Cape Verde Islands



# *Saved from a Shinto Shrine*

*By Michio Fujita, Japan*

This true account of Michio Fujita is a follow-up of "Buddha or Christ?" the story of Michio's mother that appeared in the August *Other Sheep*. Here we can read of the visible gains of Christianity in Japan. Michio has been saved from Shinto, the cult of the Japanese which consists primarily in the reverence of departed imperial ancestors and historical persons, as well as to some nature gods. Though legally separated from Buddhism in 1871, Shinto nevertheless contains many teachings of Buddha.

**T**HIS AFTERNOON I am very happy to be given an opportunity to testify about my experience how I received faith. After the war freedom of religion was given by the armed forces and we were set free from Shinto. The next year after this time my interest for religion and philosophy was increasing more and more. When I was in that sentimental state I learned what Christianity was, and I became interested in it.

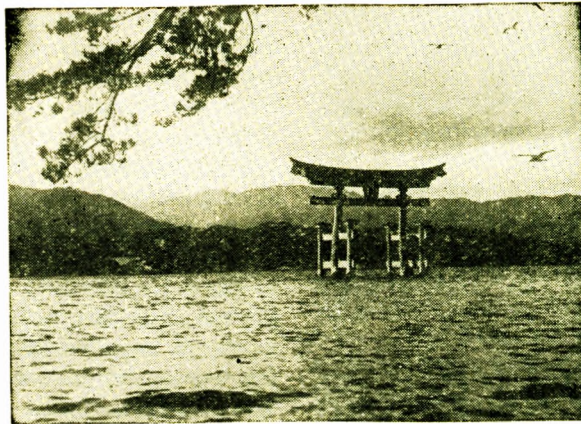
## **The First Phase: Asking**

I thought Christianity was strange because Christians worship their unseen God. Where is God? What do you mean by the Heavenly Father? I couldn't understand these questions. Besides, in the Bible I found many miracles that Christ did. What is Christ? Is Christ the true Son of God? I couldn't understand these miracles either. I went to church every Sunday and asked a pastor these questions. But I didn't believe in God. When I went to church every Sunday, I was charmed by the hymns and I became fond of singing. These beautiful songs are the best that I have ever heard. I was poor and weak in faith and tried to read the Bible over again. Christianity was the strait gate for me. An old friend of mine, who was a theological student, advised me to know God some time. In spite of his effort, I didn't accept his advice at all. I was thinking God with my brain and reason. Then I continued my spiritual vagabond life. However, I kept praying for God at the time. That was the first period of my faith.

## **The Second Phase: Seeking**

Three years passed since that time. Last year

I fell ill and while I was on my sickbed for half a year I prayed God for my recovery and read the Bible earnestly. I could understand that Christ is the Son of God, who took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses. "Ask, and it shall be given you." I got the power of faith and recovery with these words. I prayed, "Forgive my sins. I need You." So last summer I miraculously recovered from my sickness. The second period of my faith was over but the sad test was soon to appear.



Corresponding to the steeple of a church, this torii gate is the symbol of Shinto.

My uncle, who loved me very much, died last November. He had taken care of me for a long time in place of my father because my father died when I was one year old. Thus I was an only son having no brother or sister. My maternal grandmother, my mother, and I were left. Christmas last year was lonely for me.

## **The Third Phase: Knocking on the Door of Faith**

We welcomed in the new year and the third period of my faith began to appear. My mother suddenly got sick and soon afterward she entered a hospital. The doctors and nurses were very kind and earnest, but she became worse and worse. One day her doctor called me and said, "Your mother has a cancer. We find we cannot save her. She will not be able to live for a week from now. You had better prepare your mind for her death." When I heard these words, I was surprised and disappointed. I sincerely prayed to God. "Save her if Your will be done in her." It was five or six weeks before my mother became worse. I was very busy nursing her in the hospital.

When I went shopping, I found hanging on a gate a printed notice, BIBLE CLASS. It was Sunday afternoon. I had not been attending church at that time because of my work. I entered the house of a foreign missionary and was present at the Bible class. Then I met Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Shepherd the first time and heard their lesson. After this Bible class I asked them questions about my faith and Christianity. I was present at the Bible class every Sunday and sent them letters. After I told them about my mother's sickness they inquired again and again after her health. One week before her death, after the Bible class, they went to the hospital and encouraged her. My mother was very glad to meet Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd. Though she was not a Christian, she went to church for a long time in her youth and read the Bible. At that time she was reading the pocket edition of John. She wanted to be a Christian after her recovery but it was in vain.

#### The Fourth Phase: Witnessing

At last the day in which she went to heaven came. On the morning of May 27, though she was suffering very much, she stared at me and said, "You must be a Christian. God will be sure to save your poor heart and weak body. Pray for me. Sing a hymn for me."

We sang,

*"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near."*

I cried and said to her, "Do you remember these words? 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Christ will sure take your heavy burden. You can go to heaven just like a child. Don't worry about me. I vow I will be a Christian."

Then she nodded with a smile and breathed her last.

I went to Mr. Shepherd's house and informed them of my mother's death. They were surprised. At the funeral they helped me. The members of the Bible class came to my house and held a prayer meeting. I shall never forget this deep impression. I made up my mind to be a Christian always. My determination became firm.

My family had decreased to only two, my eighty-one-year-old grandmother and I. I was an orphan and was very lonely. However, I am not an only son in the world. My Father lives in my heart. You may ask me to explain. This Father is, of course, our Heavenly Father. Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd have become my good teachers. I have a lot of brothers and sisters through the name of Christ. I am very glad to have a large family. I thank our Lord again for this blessing. I asked, sought, and knocked. I was given my new life by God. The strait gate opened for me. I am a vessel and servant of our Father. "If God be

for us, who can be against us?" We are made strong with these words.

By the way, I called on my cousin at Tachikawa last week. She said to me, "I worried for fear you would be a bad boy by your hopelessness. Are you all right?" I answered her, "Don't worry. I became strong and have a large family—brothers and sisters. I am not an only son."

She seemed to think it strange. "It is very funny," she said. "Why are you so cheerful? As it is very hot today I am afraid you are mad."

I said with pride, "My mother gave me a great inheritance through the name of our Lord." I am sorry that my cousin couldn't understand all.

I quote a few sentences from the Bible. "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Hebrews 11:1). "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you" (I Thess. 5:16-18). Christ is in my heart. I praise the name of our Lord. I believe God and thank Him. I urge those who are not Christians to come to Christ and ask Him for pardon. Remember He is our Saviour. "He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love" (I John 4:8). "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (I John 4:10). Thank God through the name of Christ! Amen.

#### Hour of Opportunity

A few months ago as I traveled through a certain railway station in South Japan, my colleague, the General Secretary of the Japan Bible Society, remarked, "When I traveled this way last time many people were at the station seeing a famous Japanese actress off by train. She came into the part of the train in which I was sitting and, as the train drew out of the station, she opened her handbag and took out a book—one of our picture-covered New Testaments which she must have bought at the bookstall on the station. She sat there immersed in it for the next few hours." Coming home late one night in the electric train my wife and I saw a student, one hand holding on to the strap of the swaying carriage, his school textbooks wedged between his knees, and in his free hand a New Testament which he was reading.

We have a great opportunity in Japan today. Such an occasion occurred before, about sixty years ago, but then neither the Church nor the Bible Society was equipped to make the most of that opportunity. Miraculously the opportunity has come back and the Church and the Bible Society are seizing it.

—J. C. F. ROBERTSON in *The Bible in the World*



# Geography Lesson

By Marjorie Mayo



thoroughly convinced. Maybe you would be interested in a little "convincing."

Never was a country more completely cut into three pieces than Peru. On the west is the narrow, desert, coastal plain. Nothing much is here but desert and an occasional river valley with farms and cities, plus the capital city, Lima. To the east is the rugged, colorful mountain section. This region is wonderfully interesting, but difficult to visit. Roads are few and far between and the intense rains make short work of the few that are built. Climate varies greatly, depending upon the altitude. One can find everything from the tropic to the very cold *alto plano* near Lake Titicaca. In the jungle the heat and the rain rule with iron hands. The rain comes down in torrents, alleviating only slightly the intense heat of the jungle. Insects and animals are abundant.

But where is our work? In the northern part of all three regions. We have approximately twenty churches and preaching points on the coast and the mission at Yama Yaket in the jungle. The rest of the forty or so preaching points are in the highly inaccessible mountain area. Here the pastors work hard and endure many hardships to get the gospel out to their fellow men. They ride for many miles over treacherous mountain trails on horse or mule back, through rain, sleet, snow, or the suffocating heat of the midday sun.

It is in the mountains that the Catholic church has made terrific inroads into the thinking of the people. They work on the superstition and ignorance of an uneducated people and establish large churches with a pagan worship—a cross between Catholicism and Inca sun worship. More than one Christian has found himself in jail or threatened with some dire calamity if he continues to preach the gospel.

Peru

IN EVERY CLASS, for the entire first week of classes at San Marcos, the professors told us repeatedly that Peru is divided into three distinct sections: coast, mountains, and jungle. They, of course, call the mountains the *sierra* and the jungle the *montana*. At the end of the week I was

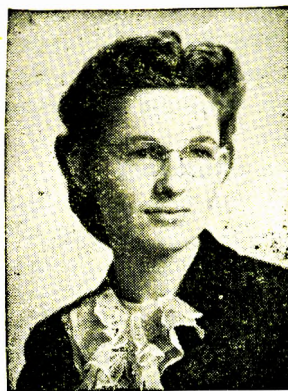
And do they preach the gospel? Of course they do and God is honoring their work. Young people are continually coming to the Bible school from these difficult sections.

Continue to pray for the three sections of Peru, that in each the gospel may be spread and lost men and women won for God and the Church of the Nazarene.

## A Nicaraguan Farewell

By Evelyn Ragains\*

Nicaragua



REPORT CARDS will be presented Thursday night." Students talked about it day after day. "Who will be on the Honor Roll this time?"

Thursday night arrived. Entering the Bible school, report cards in hand, our family was surprised to find all the lights off in the building. The chapel

doors opened, and we were ushered into a room decorated in real Nicaraguan style. Pink and yellow chains, carefully and beautifully prepared, hung on the walls. There were blue and white bows too! This farewell service for our family was a pleasant surprise—well—almost a surprise.

Congregational songs were played and directed by those whom we had had a part in teaching these past two years. A group of the young people sang a number. We never shall forget a song Carmen sang in English! We could understand every word. Of course, the natives laughed. It was most difficult to keep from squirming through the different notes that were read to us from the platform—the kind that makes one feel unworthy of that which is being said of him. The little service closed with "God Be with You till We Meet Again," making us realize just what our students have meant to us.

However, the meeting then went back to its original purpose—that of report cards. We were glad when that first reaction of seeing whose names were on the "Honor Roll" was over. Everyone seemed to maintain a happy attitude, although the majority of names were not on the list.

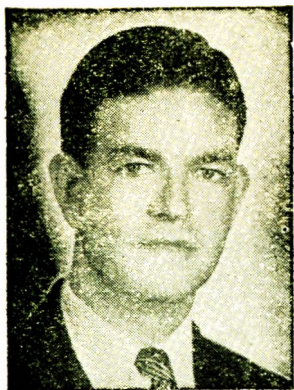
This year has meant real spiritual growth for many of our young people. Remember them when you pray for Nicaragua!

\*On furlough

# The Road to Arroyo Hondo

By Lyle Prescott

Cuba



I took a flying leap from the little red country bus which merely slowed down as I signaled for a stop. Brief case in hand, I walked up a lane leading across a farm in Pinar del Rio Province, and stopped at the first farmhouse to greet the family. The little house of rough pine sides, thatch palm roof, and dirt floor housed several families, in fact. The house was almost dwarfed by several large tobacco drying barns nearby, for this was the heart of the area that supplied Havana with large leaf tobacco for its famous cigars. Everywhere I was impressed by the lush greenness of the countryside, for the summer had brought good rains. But the people—how poorly dressed, how thin-bodied, how bad their teeth!

A youth, whose smile showed no front teeth, worked in the trail beside the house, roping a yoke behind the horns of two brown oxen. I was encouraged to learn that my local pastor, Hildo Morejon, was conducting an occasional Bible study in that home for the surrounding farmers. The people had long been fed on the husks of error by a false doctrine, but were now turning with hungry hearts toward a deeper message.

I skirted a pond and then followed a pebbly path to the next thatch roof house. Here lived Felipa, a cousin of the pastor and a recent convert and probationary member of our church. After a visit and prayer I began the five-mile hike toward Arroyo Hondo. The path led for a quarter mile through tall grass, wet from the afternoon shower. Creole oxen raised their heavy heads and stared as I crossed their pasture.

By the time my short cut brought me to the red dirt road, it had begun to rain again and I had to hurry for shelter under a porch. The farmer family hospitably insisted that I sit on a rocker in their front room. Once before, this same family had offered me shelter during a rainstorm, and it had given me an opportunity to talk of salvation and to present to each member a gospel portion.

Again I set out, soon reaching a series of bogs past which no truck could go. The mud was pitted deeply from the myriad tracks of passing

oxen pulling huge-wheeled carts. Winding about over more solid ground was a ribbon-like bridle path. This too was my trail.

After passing a cattle ranch, I came to the fields of bright green rice. Rice in Cuba grows on rolling hills like wheat in Kansas. On and on I walked, always picking the least muddy trail. The graceful royal palms would have been more appreciated had they provided more shade against the burn of the sun, that now burst from the clouds. The serene beauty of the gentle hills would have drawn my gaze more often had the gnats left my eyes and ears alone. I drew out a handkerchief and beat rhythmically about my face as I marched.

Picking my way across the muddier stretches I observed numerous miniature butterflies congregated on the moist earth. They resembled buttons of mother-of-pearl on brown velvet, or fleets of tiny sailboats at anchor in a dark harbor. At my approach they flurried away in gold, white, and sulphur flashes. What beauty! "Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!" (Psalms 113:5, 6.)

Suddenly, as I trudged along, my left foot slipped off a crust of earth and slid deep into an ox track. I extracted my foot and found it heavily coated with slime well above the shoe top. I was brought to realize that life is not all butterflies and mud. Sometimes it is just plain mud. Still, five minutes of shoe cleaning gave me time to rest. And the long trail gave me time for sweet fellowship with the Lord.

Farther along I stopped to pass out gospel portions at a little country store. A boy driving oxen was glad to receive a Gospel, too. The road became steeper, but the view became wider as I neared our chapel where a crowd would gather to hear the preaching of the gospel. That was it! Not scenery and rice and palm trees, not gaily singing finches and brightly flashing butterflies, nor even a hot, beating sun, stinging gnats, blistered feet and sweat-soaked clothes—but the preaching of the gospel!

Over the last hill stood a white chapel with green trim, set off by a neat, new fence. There Cuban Nazarenes come expecting to find food



for their souls. There country folk whom I had never seen before gathered, longing for the Saviour I had found. There young fathers and mothers brought their children to be dedicated to the Lord. There the church knelt about the altar and interceded in prayer. There God bent low and blessed and helped. There I bowed at the end of the road and thanked God that two years ago He gave us a mission in Arroyo Hondo.



## Prayer Requests

**PRAY** Mrs. Ruth Miller, of Trinidad, has been suffering from heart trouble. Pray that God might touch her with His healing power.

**PRAY** Mrs. Bessie Beals, of India, who suffered a typhoid attack last year, has experienced further difficulties as a result. Brother Beals writes, "Kindly remember her in prayer."

**PRAY** Pray for the missionaries in Portugal, the Dolls and Miss Lorraine Schultz, as they apply for permanent residence permits for Portuguese East Africa.

**PRAY** From Peru comes this word: "‘Mercy drops round us are falling, but for the showers we plead.’ Pray with us that there may be a great ingathering of souls and a mighty revival tide sweep this land."

**PRAY** The Dentons, stationed in Montevideo, Uruguay, write, "Pray, pray, and pray. Pray for the Nazarene work here in Uruguay." Recently around ten people were saved as a result of this work, but more are still under conviction.

**PRAY** Lynette, the oldest child of Rev. and Mrs. C. G. Rudeen, of Nicaragua, recently broke her leg in three places. Pray that her healing might be complete.

## "She Hath Chosen

## That Good Part"

By Rev. Gilbert Klinefelter\*

**L**ATE AT NIGHT there was a rap at the missionary's door. An Indian girl was admitted, and after a moment of hesitation she told us of her aunt's serious condition. We made a trip to her home and her aunt was worse. We decided to take her to the Indian hospital. When I reached the home, she had already crossed the border line of worlds. It was only the day before that I had stood by her bed and prayed as the cold wind blew through the window of her room made of logs and mud.

Her life had been one of sin and misery. Earlier in her life she had gone in the ways of sin. Then some years ago she met the missionaries. God got hold of her heart and she became attached to the mission. During the last years of her life she seemed to be constantly in pain. She had no home of her own and was little loved, but she had a young daughter whom she guarded and cared for the best that she could. Every Sunday, her body stiff and suffering with pain, she would come with her daughter to the house of God; then they would stay for the evening service. She wanted her daughter to grow up in the Nazarene church. Although she did not talk English and could not understand much of what went on, she was one of our most faithful ones.

As I stood by her bier during the simple service at the Indian funeral, I thought, She, like Mary, "hath chosen that good part." She could have chosen ease and rest, good opinions of friends and kin, pursuit of worldly goods, or more sinful pleasures; but she had an appetite for spiritual things. The crying need here is that many more would have such a spirit. Many of her people are in spiritual poverty and darkness. May God help us to awaken them.

\*Cocopah Indian Mission, Somerton, Arizona

## The Open Door

God says to us, "Behold, I set before thee an open door." The Biblical metaphor of the open door does not imply that God's people move forward in ease in Zion. "I have set before thee an open door, and there are many adversaries." The open door is an invitation to see opportunity in difficulty.—CHARLES W. RANSOM.

# Susan Fitkin Manse

By Mrs. A. O. Hendricks\*

Barbados



This picture of Mrs. Susan N. Fitkin was taken on Thanksgiving Day, 1937, when she was visiting Barbados.

THROUGH the past quarter of a century a fine group of Nazarene visitors have contributed their godly influence for the establishing of a real spiritual district on the island of Barbados. Each is remembered for his own individual characteristics. One who leads in this procession and who will continue to live in the very soul of this people, even in some of the younger generation, is a lady of notable distinction, our Mother Fitkin, as she is so often referred to here.

Twice Mrs. S. N. Fitkin graced our shores and always we remembered her as a spiritual dynamo in our midst. Her keen spiritual intuition of situations our missionaries had to face often

drove her to her knees. Whether on her knees or pacing the floor right here in Barbados, I knew her to groan beneath the load and travail in prayer until the atmosphere was cleared, and we found ourselves singing instead of sighing.

Today, as a memorial to our own Mrs. S. N. Fitkin, there stands only a few houses away from our great Halls Road church, a lovely five-room manse (parsonage). Mrs. Fitkin was the one who so graciously provided the means for the first little stone church at Halls Road. Since then, in later years, our beautiful district center was placed on the same location and was made a memorial to Rev. and Mrs. J. I. Hill, the hard-working pioneers of this district.

The lovely parsonage which stands as a memorial to Sister Fitkin most assuredly represents the quiet spiritual home life and atmosphere which she so loved.

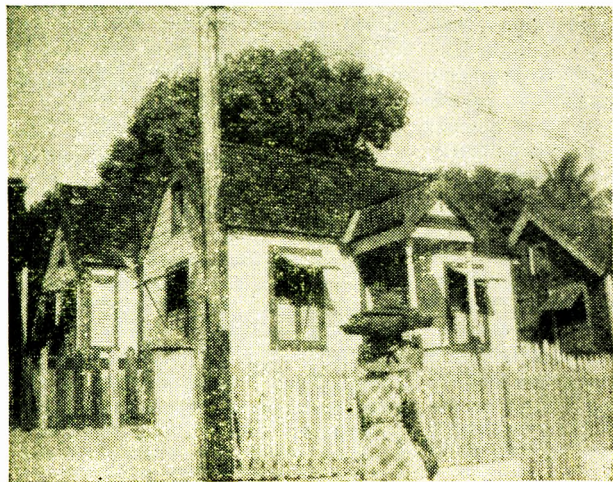
\*Retiring from work; in United States.

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## An Indian Shrine

Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru became India's dominant political leader when Mahatma Gandhi was struck down by an assassin. It is difficult for a westerner to understand the veneration in which Mahatma Gandhi is still held. The aged leader was conducting a prayer meeting at the time a Hindu fanatic rose up and shot him. The place where Gandhi's body was cremated is located in a park beside the Jumna River. The exact spot is now marked by an elevated platform. A steady stream of people—mostly women—visit the place and make small floral offerings. Anyone approaching the spot is instructed to remove his shoes.

—The Commission



The Susan Fitkin Manse in Bridgetown, Barbados

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## Think It Over

An Indian mother of nine children who helps to support her family by making clay water jugs by hand sets a good example in Christian stewardship. She can make one or two water jugs a day and at the end of the week she has about a dozen, which she can sell for fifteen or twenty cents apiece. Each week she gives fifty cents or more of this amount to the Lord. She also gives one egg out of ten, one chick out of every ten hatched, and the best fruits and flowers from her garden to help support her pastor.—Reported in *Guatemala News*.



# The W.F.M.S.

Edited by Miss Mary L. Scott, General Secretary, 2923 Troost Ave., Box 527, Kansas City 41, Mo.

## EMPHASIS FOR OCTOBER

### American Indian

Collect all articles and pictures relating to the Nazarene work among the American Indians which have appeared in the *OTHER SHEEP* this past year. Arrange an attractive poster, using this material. Do not overlook the general president's notes in the July and August issues. The September issue will carry another interesting article by the general president about our work among the American Indians.

## GENERAL PRESIDENT'S NOTES



Goldtooth and Low Mountain—what interesting places you are!

Out in Navajo and Hopi Land on barren-looking, grassy plains we have built two most unusual churches. The Indian

Young People's Society has helped with its gifts to fill the cavity of Goldtooth and Alabaster reached its helping hand to Low Mountain.

It was Saturday. We were to have a morning service at Goldtooth. Looking at the seemingly empty plain we wondered from where the people would come. Soon over thirty cars and trucks were coming. And then about three hundred Indians, dressed in tribal clothes and native decorations were walking up and down the mission station eating, talking, and laughing.

The new stone church is beautiful. Local men with Chief Goldtooth and his son did the building. Many of the special stones were hand chosen from the mountain side. They were justly proud of their accomplishments.

The service was the first in the new church building. Appropriate words of praise and gratefulness were spoken. The building was dedicated to God. A message was given through an interpreter. Several score of seekers pushed forward to the altar seeking God. It was a sight not to be forgotten.

Sunday morning at Low Mountain another great crowd gathered in the new church and another wave of

seekers filled the altar. It was a wonderful sight to see them packed in the church, sitting on the floor. Many had come long journeys by foot, horseback, or wagon.

Money has been provided for dispensaries for both these places. They surely need medical help. May the day soon come when we shall be able to send two nurses and teachers for the day schools. There are hundreds of children who have no opportunity whatsoever for medical care or regular schooling.

With the blessings of God a great future awaits these Indian people around Goldtooth and Low Mountain. Let us add these places to our prayer lists.

## DISTRICT CONVENTION BRIEFS

### British Isles—April 9

The annual meeting of the W.F.M.S. British Isles District was held in the Parkhead Church on April 9. Mrs. S. Martin, district president, presided at all the business sessions.

We have reason to believe that this has been the best year ever. Reports show progress in every direction: spiritually, financially, and numerically.

Mrs. S. Martin was re-elected as district president. The District Rally in the evening was well attended. General Superintendent Hardy C. Powers brought greetings and gave a short word of testimony. Also taking part were four of our own missionaries who had recently returned on furlough, namely, Rev. W. and Mrs. Russell, Transjordan; Nurse Agnes Willox, India; Nurse Betty Clark, Africa.

We have now twenty-eight local societies and the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

MRS. ELLEN ROBERTSON  
Superintendent of  
Publicity

### Ontario District—May 6

The annual convention of the Ontario W.F.M.S. was held at the Hamilton church, May 6. The convention was well attended and reports given showed good gains along every line.

All were blessed and stirred as we listened to the challenging missionary message brought by General Superintendent Young.

God is blessing the work of the W.F.M.S. under the leadership of

our president, Mrs. R. F. Woods, who was re-elected for another year.

MRS. L. GUY NEES  
Supt. of Publicity

### Washington Pacific—May 6

The eighth annual W.F.M.S. Convention, held in the new Vancouver Hillcrest Church, was a blessing and great inspiration to all who attended.

A large poster was displayed high in the front of the church depicting the world as our mission field white unto harvest, carrying out the convention theme, "Thrust in Thy Sickle."

Among the high lights of the convention was the afternoon message by Rev. A. E. Berg. His message stirred our hearts as we learned how the work is progressing in Australia.

Our convention was brought to a close with a soul-stirring message by Dr. G. B. Williamson, challenging us to do more for Christ this coming year.

MRS. DONALD BEECHER  
Publicity Chairman

### Kentucky—May 12, 13

The Twenty-eighth Annual W.F.M.S. Convention of the Kentucky District was held at the First Church of the Nazarene, Lexington, Kentucky. Our district president, Mrs. L. T. Wells, presided.

The convention was well attended and the reports from the different departments were encouraging. Mrs. Wells was elected to serve as district president for her twenty-sixth year.

Rev. Everette Howard, returned missionary from the Cape Verde Islands, was the guest speaker. His messages stirred our hearts and we accepted the challenge to increase our accomplishments through greater faith.

MRS. H. B. DEAN  
Publicity Chairman

### Oregon Pacific—May 12, 13

The Annual District W.F.M.S. Convention of the Oregon Pacific District convened at Salem, Oregon.

Mrs. Lucille Broyles of British Honduras and Mrs. Earl Mosteller of Cape Verde Islands brought stirring and challenging messages concerning the work of their respective fields.

Mrs. Olsen was re-elected as district president with nearly a unanimous vote. Her report showed large gains in every department of missionary work on the district.

Our 85 per cent *OTHER SHEEP* goal of 2,600 subscriptions reached 4,503, a

percentage of 106.30 per cent. Portland Central was the winner of the **OTHER SHEEP** contest with 509 subscriptions, or a gain of 348 per cent over her quota.

The General Budget was overpaid by \$18,600.00. A 20 per cent increase in General Budget giving was recommended for the coming year. Forward steps were taken toward making our district a 10 per cent-er.

Dr. D. I. Vanderpool brought the evening address, telling of his recent visit to Cuba and Haiti.

MRS. RHODA A. WALLACE  
*Convention Reporter*

#### Northern California—May 13

The annual W.F.M.S. Convention was held at Beulah Park in Santa Cruz, California, on May 13.

High lights of the convention were addresses by General Superintendent G. B. Williamson and Rev. Robert Chung, missionary from Korea. Dr. Williamson portrayed in graphic manner the spiritual and physical needs of India. Rev. Chung, a native of Korea, presented the tragic picture of conditions in that country.

Mrs. F. Arthur Anderson of Dinuba was re-elected for her seventh year as district president.

Visitors to the Convention included Rev. and Mrs. Harry Wiese, former missionaries to China and now supervising work among the Chinese on the West Coast; Dr. Richard Taylor, under appointment to Australia; and Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Hale of Institute, West Virginia.

MRS. GERTRUDE LANPHER  
*Supt. of Publicity*

#### FROM THE SECRETARY'S MAILBAG



Miss Wilke of the Cape Verde Islands writes: "I have enough toys and crayons. I shall always be glad for Sunday-school supplies. In manila envelopes, second class

(book post) there is no duty and low postal rates."

**SPECIAL NOTICE**  
PLEASE DO NOT SEND PARCELS TO GUATEMALA UNLESS YOU HAVE RECEIVED DEFINITE INSTRUCTIONS TO DO SO. IF YOU HAVE BEEN ADVISED TO SEND PARCELS, WRITE THE MISSIONARY (AIR MAIL) GIVING CONTENTS OF THE BOX YOU INTEND TO SEND AND WAIT FOR THE REPLY BEFORE MAILING.

## THE GENERAL CONVENTION

The obvious blessing of God was upon every session of the Seventh General Convention of the W.F.M.S. held in the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City, June 19—21. Dominating the spirit and business decisions of the convention, from beginning to end, was the sentiment expressed by a huge banner high above the platform which carried these words, "I Must Work—the Night Cometh," the new slogan for the quadrennium. No delegate or visitor could escape the deep sense of urgency which world conditions have imposed upon those of us who possess the Christian message of salvation. In this vein, the convention theme was, "Hold the Ropes." One of the highest hours of the convocation resulted from an unfolding of that challenge by means of significant posters and program. The report of each council member centered about the various aspects of this theme. About 65 furloughed and retired missionaries were introduced and 50 new recruits, under appointment, marched down the aisle singing, "We'll girdle the globe with salvation, with holiness unto the Lord." The general president, Mrs. Chapman, closed the program with such an impassioned appeal to "hold the ropes" as will stand as a lifetime rebuke to an easygoing, selfish life and to any small-souled tendencies. There were fresh messages from the fields around the world, some from missionaries in native dress, some from nationals who were delegates from various sections, all burning with a passion for souls that fanned into new flame the world vision of all present.

Mrs. Louise Chapman was re-elected general president on the nominating ballot. By vote the number of council members was reduced to nine.

Of unique importance was the convention decision to change the name of the W.F.M.S. to the Nazarene Foreign Missionary Society. This action was later sustained by the General Assembly.

Advance was the characteristic note of every report and every plan for the future. The convention eagerly accepted the challenge of five million as the new goal. Alabaster box giving has reached a total of \$330,000.00. This method of expressing the overflow of love was retained for the next four years. One hundred seventy thousand subscriptions to the **OTHER SHEEP** were reported.

The memorial service, arranged by Mrs. L. A. Reed, for two general superintendents, Mrs. S. N. Fitkin, Mrs.

Emily Frame, council member, missionaries, and district presidents who have died during the quadrennium, was beautiful and spiritually impressive.

Over the entire convention there rested the signal approval of God's Spirit. There was unity of human spirits; the President presided with grace and charm, and beyond all, a consciousness that we were doing a work bigger than merely human but for the Christ we serve. Miss Carpenter, retired missionary from Africa, voiced the feeling of the convention when she spoke for herself, "I wish I could turn the clock back and go out again."

MILDRED WYNKOOP, *Reporter*

#### DID IT PAY

this brother to send the *Other Sheep* to his sister? Read this letter from a lady in \_\_\_\_\_.

JUNE 8

DEAR MISS SCOTT:

I hope you are the one I should write to. I wish you to extend my thanks to your church for your wonderful magazine, the **OTHER SHEEP**. I did not subscribe to it, but it must be coming from my brother and sister-in-law who were in your church. They were here to visit me in March and I said we never went to church.

But I wish to say that now we have been going to church and my children, seven in number, have enrolled in the Daily Vacation Bible School for two weeks.

It must have been my brother and sister-in-law's prayers as I really didn't intend going to church. But I've been reading your magazine and I became interested in it.

Of course my brother and I always went to church and Bible school when we were youngsters. But I'd grown away from it. But God must have been watching over me; because here I am worshiping again at my Saviour's feet; and a sweet home-coming it was!

Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

*Sincerely yours.*

#### ALABASTER CORNER



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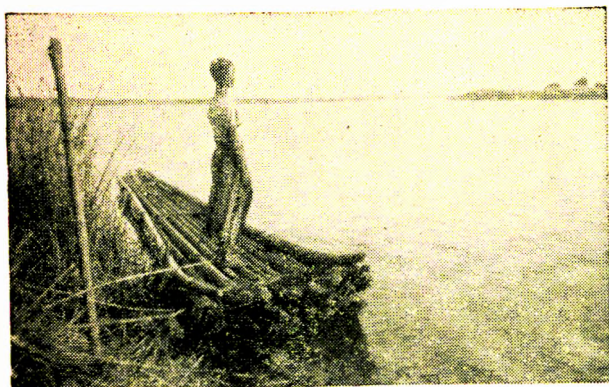


# BOYS' and GIRLS' Page

Edited by Miss Mary E. Cove, 124 Phillips St., Wollaston, Mass.

## HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Years ago, I had a friend in Africa. Her name was then Miss Lillian Cole. Now it is Mrs. Short. She sent me this picture of a young African girl over in Portuguese East Africa. Miss Cole was the first trained nurse to arrive as a missionary in our field in Africa. Notice the queer boat the girl is standing on. She looks, from her dress, as if she might be a Christian girl. I wonder what she is thinking about. Perhaps, the hundreds and hundreds of her people who have never heard about the living Christ. There are still many hosts in that land who have never heard the true gospel story.



And now here is the other story I promised you. It was sent by Rev. Oscar Stockwell in this same field in Africa.

### Buzz-z-z-z-z-z

Do you know an old song about cutting down the old pine tree and hauling it away to the mill? I want to tell you about a sawmill away in Portuguese East Africa.

First, the great logs are cut in the forest. In India, elephants help do lots of work, but here the elephants only play in the forest and come out to eat peanuts planted in people's gardens. Maybe when you get grown up, some of you can come to teach our elephants to work. How would that be?

The big logs are lifted up onto little railroad cars much smaller than you see go thump, thump past the station in your town, and then a funny puffy little engine takes them away to the mill ten miles away.

Down at the mill the big saw has teeth bigger, much bigger, than Red Ridinghood's grandmother, and they will eat you up, too, so we never get very close. A huge engine makes steam turn the saw so fast that it sings and often whistles. Those big teeth chew off long, thick boards to build houses with or sleepers to put under the railroad tracks so the train won't bump so hard. Did you think that "sleepers" were people who were asleep? Ha! Ha! No; sleepers help the train to run nicely along the track because they lie so still and quiet that the train has a solid foundation over which to run. Sleepers are big logs cut square.

It is great fun to slide down a sawdust pile big as a mountain, but be careful not to get any slivers where

you would say OUCH! The wood from this forest is so hard that white ants break their teeth trying to eat it; so always the grandfathers teach the little ants never to try to eat it, because there aren't any dentists to fix them any store teeth. Only the sun after many years is able to destroy this wood.

We have in our house a table made from this wood, and after we put some peanut oil on it, it smiled and smiled at us; it was so shiny and strong. In fact, it is smiling today because its heart is good 'way down inside, and when it smiles, we know that it is strong and happy.

The mill has worked many years giving to all of us strong, clean boards. In fact, we just finished a house that has a lot of these everlasting boards in it. Now I said that my table smiles at me because it is strong and clean inside. Is your heart clean and strong inside too, so that you can smile? God will give you a strong, clean heart. Just ask Him now.

Don't forget the big saw that goes buzz-z-z-z-z with its big teeth, and the puffy little train, the big tall trees, our smiling table, and all the elephants want you to have a clean, strong heart and to smile all the time.

'By for now—Buzz-zz-z-z-z!

Wasn't this a nice story? We would like Brother Stockwell to send us some more; wouldn't we?

Lots of love from your "Big Sister,"  
MARY E. COVE

## Christmas Gifts for Boys and Girls of Other Lands

It is hard to think about Christmas so soon but if we get our money to the Juniors' Own Missionaries in time for them to buy some Christmas gifts for the boys and girls we must send it very soon. You remember that every year the boys and girls here share their Christmas joys with the national boys and girls in India, Nicaragua, British Honduras and Cape Verde Islands by sending money to the Juniors' Own Missionaries. Each year the missionaries try to give a tiny gift to every child, for the children of these countries seldom get gifts at Christmas time. There was great rejoicing last year when the missionaries in each country received one hundred dollars to help them get these gifts for the children. So get busy right away and take up a special offering. Your money should be sent in not later than the first of November.

Send your money to Mr. John Stockton, general treasurer, marked "*Special for Juniors' Christmas Fund.*"

## Junior Society Supplies

All 1953 materials are now ready for mailing to you. With October we will begin our missionary study of Africa.

The handwork for 1952-53 will feature our mission work in Africa. There will be directions for making African flannelboard scenes, African villages, an African Christian wedding, and an African map diorama.

Each set provides material for an entire year's work for a Junior. A set for each boy and girl is best. These sell for fifteen cents a set and are ordered from the Nazarene Publishing House.

# *The Outgoing Missionaries*

*By L. S. Tracy \**

They turned their backs, that little band,  
On fields and prospects ever;  
They bade farewell to all that's dear,  
And heart from home they sever.  
They saw the needy hands for aid  
Outstretched across the water;  
They heard the call, and gave up all—  
“Farewell, perhaps forever!”

What seek they in that burning clime?  
What prize can lure them thither?  
Why discount health—aye, life itself,  
And from strength to weakness wither?  
Is it wealth, or fame, or life romantic?  
Is it gold and filthy lucre?  
Will they gain a store of richer thought,  
Or is it for adventure?

Nay! Nay! These things are not enough  
To pay for what they suffer;  
In dusky garb some jewels are found  
Than brightest pearls are richer.  
They seek the wealth, the honor, fame  
Of worlds and beings higher;  
They find the precious blood-bought souls—  
That is their one desire.

\*Deceased missionary to India

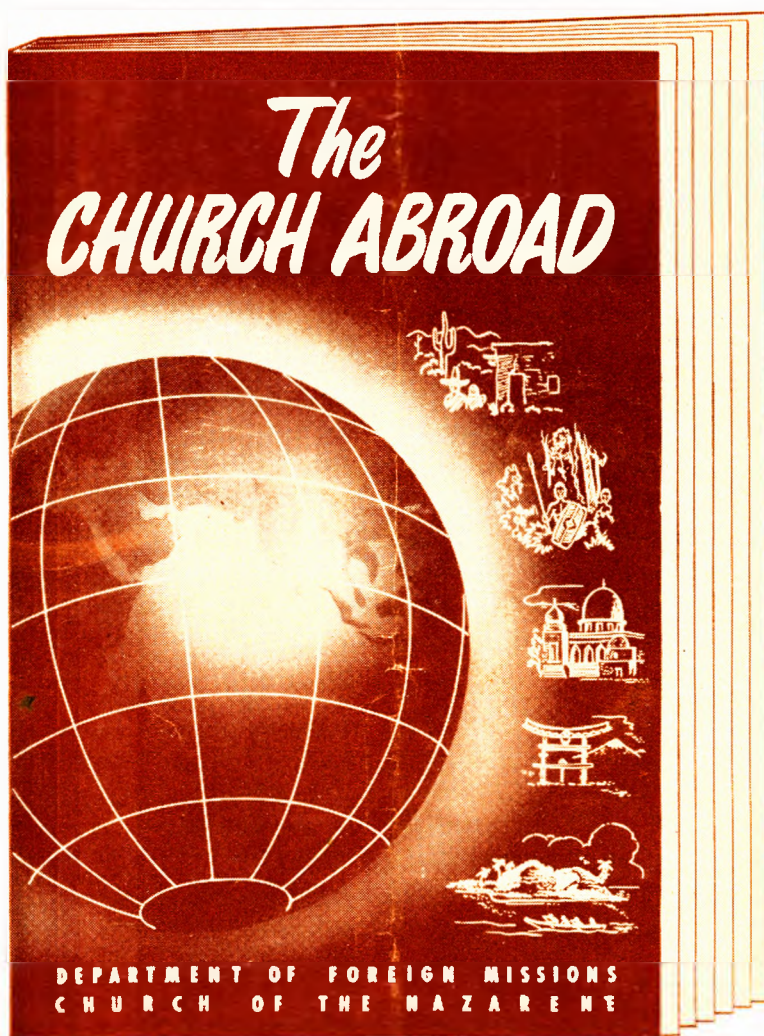


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